women, laced and unaccustomed to violent excise, grew red as so many peonles, and rested their right arms by using their lefts.

Ten minutes had passed and there was no lull, no pause, no diminution in any feature of the mad scene. The New Yorkers, who had essayed the impossible in striving to outdo all the rest in frantic ecstasy, now fell back in their chairs, leaving a long, narrow opening in the ranks of demented applauders, precise-ly as though they had dropped into a trench. But it would not do. The others dragged them up by the coats and shoulders, waved them up with the arms with which they were beating the air, bent down and yelled at them to continue the ovation, persisted in willing that they should not surrender to nature, and thus brought them back again to the level of the rest. A tingling metallic vibration in the air was said to be the music of a band in the west gallery. Perhaps it was. All the bands of the on jubilee would have been in that extraordinary lung contest as feeble as so many children under the feet of a mob.

At the fifteen-minute stage men with ulsters, such as distinguished the Indiana Democracy, tore them up into streamers and distributed the pieces among their friends. To further increase the confusion and entanglement over-head, the idea that the din could be increased by rocking the chairs and hammering them with men's heels found favor, and was successful in making a rattling undertone quite different in sound from the main volume of vociforous noise. But it did not down the nasal barbaric headtones of the Southerners. Nothing overpowered this yell. It was the head and front of the tumult first and last.

Another idea, better yet, got birth in that mysterious way in which impulses rise to move great bodies of men, and when the eighteenth minute of the jubilation was reached the gilt-tipped, hatted, and handkerchiefed banner poles of the delegations were seen to begin a centripetal motion toward the seats of the New Yorkers. First Vermont and then Rhode Island had carried their bannerets to wave them beside the standard of the Empire State. These poles, with their swinging shields, had been fastened so as to be not easily removable and to stand in orderly lines along the passageways. Put the men of Ten-nessee, Oregon, and California wrenched their staves from their fastenings, and either carried them or handed them from man to man to have them swung over the heads of the men from Cleveland's State. Colorado. Indiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, and Georgia sent their poles hand over hand and head over head to this rendezvous of the banners, and sixty seconds had not seed before the New Yorkers and their applauding neighbors had gathered all the standards, now being swayed, and gyrated above the centre of the hall. At one moment the combination suggested the skeleton of a pavilion of siender columns roofed with shields, and then again there was a suggestion of one of those master pieces that Detaille painted during the Turco-Russian war of a body of fierce Cossacks, inflamed with vodki, charging grandly with spears overhead. Still no cessation of the vocal tumult. Still rose the Southern yell above the dense body of noises of screaming women, hurral-ing men, and of the thousands of feet and pounding the floor beneath. The episode of bannerets was of short duration, and they were soon travelling back through the flutter of hats, flags, coats, and fans to the delegations of which they were the standards,

The next form of expression that the demon-stration took was in the tearing down of gilt angles of card board nailed up along the gallery fronts, between the loopings of flags. The men pried down these eagles with canes and banner staves, and the women in the galleries leaned over and helped to disengage their paper wings. The eagles were nearly four feet long from wing tip to wing tip, and measured eighty inches from beak to claws. Men took two hands to hold them up and brandish them, and presently the great stiff gilt birds seemed everywhere descending on the flutter of flugs and fara like hawks darting into a frightened covey of small birds. One form of destruction followed another, and a few men began to tear down the bunting and the streamers of red, white, and blue calico, and to wave them at each other, aiming to inspire the rest to continue the phenomenal outburst. Chairman Collins, utterly at a loss what to do and tired of tal and physical attitude of one who has lost a control that he means to regain, began to hammer the pulpit with his gavel. It was not the silver hammer from Colorado. It was the practical mallet described yesterday, fit to erush the skull of an elephant. It made itself heard, but hearing it seemed only to aggrawas flung back to the Chairman in an intensified form. It was like an indignant rejusal to submit to discipline as long as any breath repained in any delegation. But the Chairman kept on and in three-quarters of a minute the delegations succumbed to drop into their seats and to withhold their voices from the riot of applause. Thus the second greatest cheer in history gradually spent itself after a duration of 22 minute and 45 seconds actual time. the tumultuous disorder, so that its noise

The Work of the Convention. The second day of the Cenvention was hot and sultry. The black, sooty smoke that is substituted for atmosphere in St. Louis hung heavily over the house tops. But that it shielded the city from the direct glare of the sun the heat would have been intense, for there was but little breeze stirring through the streets. The extraordinary drunkenness that had distinguished the crowd of hangers-on at the Convention was no longer apparent, and in the throngs that approached the Exposition Building from every side were seen more ladies than on the first duy. If there was any interesting characteristic in the gathering that has not already been put before the readers of The Bunking than on the first duy. If there was any interesting characteristic in the gathering that has bot already been put before the readers of The Bunking was the extraordinary display of pictures of Mrs. Frances Cleveland. Yankee ingenuity has been exhausted in the effort to produce striking and appropriate designs for campaign badges. They take the form of horseshoes, symbolical of Cleveland's luck; of gray soft hats, hopeful of becoming the insignia of the Vice-Presidential campaign; of buttons of many forms and of various patterns already described. These are on sale by the ton, but not all of them together have found more favor with the people here assembled than has the disc of glass, framed with nickle, which encloses a vignette portrait of her whom an eloquent orator to-day described as the uncrowned Queen of the nation. Men and women alike display this portrait, some adding pictures of the President, badges of organizations, and other regalia, but many posting the beautiful woman's picture on their breasts, unaccompanied by any other memento of the Convention.

The great Exposition hall, with which everybody except the neople of St. Louis finds fault, as yeat as are its dimensions, was packed by at least a thousand more persons than entered it yesterday—such a great excess, in fact, that the most out-of-the-way corners under galleries, and practically outside of the hall, became exciting battle grounds for contests between those who were in and those who wanted to be. As before, the vista of kitchen chairs was slow-ly transformed by the incoming delegation into a great chamber, so packed with his humanity that architectural formation was hidden. Faces, heads, shoulders, and festoons of particular descriptions of the production of the Convention was no longer apparent, and in the throngs that approached the Exposition

Waterbury, the old watchdog of the Democracy.

A PICTURE OF THE OLD ROMAN.

When the Now Yorkers were settled in their seats they discovered that a change had been made in the decorations of the hall over alght, in a blank space beside the oil portrait of Thomas A. Hendricks hung a compaction picture, a likeness of Ohio's old Roman as he appeared at the age of 50. The features of the bendenna bearer of the Democracy were there, but the hair was dark brown and glossy and the beard only slightly tinged with gray. Still, everybody recognized the portrait and the propriety of its being there. Mildly offsetting it

came the first cheering of the day as the Hendricks Club of Indianspolis was seen filing under gray tiles into the upper galleries. Every man hoped that it was a fortuitous circumstance that the 700 delegates sent to choose the next President should all of them face the great painting of the White House at the end of the building during their deliborations.

It was twenty-two minutes past the appointed hour of 10 when Mr. White, the temporary Chairman, wielded the precious gavel of Colorado in calling the Convention to order. The delegates had not been prompt on the hour, because everybody had heard that the Committee on Resolutions had at wenty-four hours' struggle over the tariff plank, and had not yet finished its deliberations. The customary prayer, with which the Democracy dedicates its work, since it has formed the habit of consulting the Almighty and the President before beginning the duties of each day, was offered by the Rey. T. J. Green, who asked that the delegates might remember that they were not merely making history but establishing principles. Next, Chairman White called for the report of the Committee on Permanent Organization, which showed that the Hon. Patrick A. Collins of Boston's Back Bay was to be permanent Chairman, and H. H. Ingersoll of Tennessee the Secretary.

The Committee on Credentials also had its opportunity to present a report that had excited so much interest, giving to young Louis R. Church, once a noted duck hunter on the Great South Bay, but now Governor of Dakota, the supremacy through his delegation over the contestants from that Territory, who had given the young Long Islander so long andso mighty a tussle. The news of the success of the popular voung Demecrat was halled with loud cheering.

William H. Barnum of Connecticut, Roswell P. Flower of New York, and John O'Day of Missouri, had the honer of escorting the eloquent Yankee Firshman to the Chair, on taking which Mr. Collins at once began his speech.

CHAIRMAN COLLINS'S ADDRESS.

Great Part Coversories. To stand, by your favor, in this place, so often filled by the foremest men in our great party is a district the control of the property of the proper

victory—that day marked the close of an old era and the beginning of a new era. It closed the era of usuppation of power by the Federal authority, of filegal force, of general contempt for constitutional limitations and plain law, of glaring scandals, profligate waste, and unspeakable corruption; of narrow sectionalism and class strife; of the reign of a party whose good work had long been done. It began the era of perfect peace and perfect union; the States fused in all their severeignty into a Federal republic, with limited but ample powers; of a public service conducted with absolute integrity and strict economy; of reforms pushed to their extreme limit; of comprehensive, sound, and safe financial policy; giving security and confidence to all enterprise and endeavor—a Democratic Administration, faithful to its mighty trust, loval to its pledges; true to the Constitution, safeguarding the interests and liberties of the beople.

And now we stand on the edge of another era, perhaps a granter contest, with a relation to the electors that we have not held for a generation—that of responsibility for the great trust of government. We are no longer authors, but accountants; no longer critics, but the criticised, The responsibility is curs, and if we have not taken all the power necessary to make that responsibility good, the fault is ours, not that of the people. We are confronted by a wily, unserupulous, and desperate foo; there will be no speck on the recent that they will not enture and misrepresent; no disappointment that they will not exaggerate into a revoit; no class or creed that they will not be condoned. But we stand at guard full armed at every position of more three, Our appeals her respect, confidence and approach of the country. The prophate see is the foothing of justice, reace, honesty, and impartial enforcement of hw. They see the demands of labor and agriculture net so far as Government of the Union restored to its ancient foothing of justice, reach so far as Government of the Union restored to the

edicioney. They see tranquility, order, security, and equal justice restored in the land, a watchful, steady, safe, and patriotic Administration—the solemn promises made by the Democracy faithfully kent. It is "an honest Government by honest men."

If this record seems prosale, if it lacks the blood-thrilling element, if it is not lit with lurid fires, if it cannot be illustrated by a pyrotechnic display, if it is merely the plain record of a constitutional party in a time of peace, engaged in administrative reforms, it is because the people of the country four years ago elected not to trust to sensation and experiment, however brilliant and alluring, but perferred to place the helm in a steady hand with a fearless, trustworthy, patriotic man behind it. Upon that record and upon our earnest efforts, as yet incomplete, to reduce and equalize the burdens of taxation, we enter the canvass and go to the polls confident that the free and intelligent people of this great country will say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

To the patriotic, independent citizens who four years ago forsook their old allegiance and came to our support, and who since that time have nobly sustained the Administration, the Democratic party owes a deep debt of gratitude. That they have been reviled and insulted by their former associates is not only a signal compliment to their character and influence, but another evidence of the decadence of the Republican party. Blind worship of the machine—the political juggernaut—is exacted from every man who will take even standing room in that party. The Democratic temple is open to all, and if in council we cannot agree in all things, our motto is. "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." To all good men we say:
"Come in." Good will neer haited at the door stone." As four years ago you voted with us to reform the Administration, to conserve our institutions for the well-being of our cemmon country, so join with us again in approval of the work so well accompl was illied by men whose interest it was to thwart inquiry and belittle the new Adminis-tration, but the master hand came to the lielm and the true course has been kept from the be-

traion, but the master hand came to the helm and the true course has been kept from the beginning.

We need not wait for time to do justice to the character and services of Tresident Cleveland. Honest, clear-sighted, patient, grounded in respect for law and justice; with a thorough grasp of principles and situations; with marvellous and conscientious industry; the very incarnation of firmness—he has nobly fulfilled the promise of his party, nobly met the expectations of his country, and written his name high on the seroll where future Americans will read the names of men who have been supremely useful to the republic.

Fellow Democrats: This is but the initial meeting in a political campaign destined to be memorable. It will be a clashing of nearly even forces. Let no man here or elsewhere belittle or underestimate the strength or resources of the opposition. But great as they are, the old Democratic party, in conscious strength and perfect union, faces the issue fearlessly.

HOW THE SPRAKER LOOKED AND SPORE.

Mr. Collins is a short, well-built young man in appearance. New Yorkers will photograph him in their minds correctly when they know that he is very like the unostentatious Superintendent of the New York police. William Murray, His light brown hair turns up in a roll above his high, broad forehead. His face is round and wears a heavy brown moustache. He differs from Superintendent Murray in that his nose is a little longer and more pugnacious. He did not speak loudly enough at first, and provoked many calls from those who missed the scarching, resonant, bigh-pressure vecal power of Temporary Chairinan White. But Mr. Collins gradually made himself heard, and, better yet, established a sympathy between himself and the great audience. He made many successes in his well-finished sentences. He called Grover Cleveland a plain, straightforward, typical American. He put on a pair of bone-rimmed nose glasses, in order the better to see the scathing words with which he had reviewed the history of Republican misrule. Applying the lesson of the change in power that had come to the country, he impressed these words upon the listening throng: "Now we stand on the edge of another, and perhaps a greater contest. We are no longer auditors, but accountants; no longer critics, but the criticized. We are confronted by a willy, unscrupulous, and desperate fee. There is no sneck on our record they will not arouse, no fraud they will not wascerate into a blot, no passion they will not arouse, no fraud they will not shage and last of political highwayment with subscription lists in one hand and letters of dismissal in the other." He showed political eleverness and acumen in making very pointed some pleasant words for the Mugwumps, whom he spooke of as: "insulted in their own party." Mr. Collins's speech was, if anything, a little above the poular standard in its thoughtfulness and word-clothing, but it was very well received, and a photographic report would show it littered with interruptions of appli HOW THE SPEAKED LOOKED AND SPOKE.

A GLANCE AT THE GREAT GATHERING.
The speech gave those who are accustoming The speech gave those who are accustoming themselves to their seats and surroundings a chance to study once again the great gathering, made notable by the fact that Conventions such as this must occur four years apart. We have spoken of the increased number of the ladies. Others who attended on the first day had soread the word that it was both safe and profitable to mingle with such a vast outpouring of masculinity. Now they came in the fulness of their glory. They had put on summer sikes, gowns of nun's veiling, diaphanous suttings of white lace and tulle. The accepted hat of the belies was an enormous creation of straw, upon which orchard blossoms were besped. The enterprising passenger ment of the Vandalia route had flung 15,000 fans into the hall, but these were little squares of pasteboard, and the ladies had brought their own prodictious fans with them. As every railroad fan bore the lithographed face of an actress in ecquetish features, the men cagerly accepted them. Once again the ladies were mainly on the first gailory, with its bores protruding beyond the edge in such a way that they were only a little above the heads of the delegates and seemed to be thrust among them. Once again the ladies looked down and no Bux reader need be told that all the delegates looked up. The vast

gathering of humanity was literally peppered with tans. They fluttered just below the level of all the faces, so that there was no place where the eye could rest. The edges of the galleries scomed unsubstantial because of the galleries were did not possess either polite training or fear of the fair sex that all through the galleries were figures in shirt sleeves, and these audacious wrockers of cifcuette often had the boldness to hang their discarded coats upon the projections along the gallery rails.

These who feel an acute interest in what is practically the main question, the choice of a vice-President, will be interested in knowing that the flowering of the banner poles that indicated the Jelegations was continued again to-day. The poles that still bore the rumpled bandanna of the Thurman boom were those of Arkansas. California. Mississippi. Wisconsin, the two Virginias, New Jersey, Nevada, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Idaho, Ohlo, Maine, and Michizan. There was a gray hat on the standard of the Missourians. There was a black hat, to which the eyes of the Kentucky men were raised. The divided Kansas men displayed a gray streamer and a furkey-rod bandanna. The poles that were still bare were those of Colorado, New York. Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Alabama, Iowa, Vermont, Tennesseo, Nebraska, North and South Carolina, and Rhode Island.

There was an opportunity for every man to rise and stretch himself, and seek a new position for his legs during the Chairman's seech, Alter the speech the enterprising Shewatier of Missouri, who always has a resolution in his pocket (or to-day, and in his head for to-morrow, delivered nimself of something evidently phenomenal and historic. The reading of it was such a bore that it was howled down; but the reporters caught one sentence of it, showing that it followed the line of the President's message. This was as follows:

The power

The power of Congress to levy imposts is a power for public and not private interests.

TIM CAMPBELL YILLS FOR RECOGNITION.

During the reading the Hon. T. Jeremiah Campbell of the Eloody Sixth was on his feet yelling. There are people in the United States and there were some in St. Louis who did not know Tim Campbell. In order to do away with tedious business a resolution had just been passed forbidding the reading of papers affecting the platform. As Tim was on his feet at the same time, it was supposed that he wanted to inflict something of the sort on the Convention. Any other man would have collapsed under the hurrahs of hostility that opposed him, but he kept on waving his arm and yelling with his rasal voice at the Chairman. He got his paper in the hands of the Chairman, and then the Convention determined to squelch him. Mr. Collins recognized somebody who sent up a petition from Virginia S. Miner and E. A. Merriweather, asking that the women who have recently been in session in Washington be allowed ten minutes in which to convince the Democracy that the fair sex ought to vote, Mr. O'Donohue of New York moved that the request be granted, and this was put to a vote, with Tim Campbell still straining to make whatever point he had in mind. Ex-Congressman Boyle of Pennsylvania, bald, red-faced, but yet smiling, sought recognition at the same time, and got it, but still Tim Campbell clamored from his seat. Boyle's resolution was perfunctory, and at has Tim was recognized. He tried to follow it with a few remarks, and bawled out that no gentleman would object to what he had to say. Hoars of No. no, overwhelmed him; but presently he reappeared like a bather struck by a passing wave, and still he shouted that everybody was mistaken, and would like to know what he had sent up. His persistency was such as to engender curlosity on all sides. The Chairman said that the rule forbade discussion of resolutions relating to the platform. The hall was too big for it to be possible to him, and that I mean and that it was TIM CAMPBELL YELLS FOR RECOGNITION.

was innocent of desiring to break the rule, but no one could hear what he said.

SYMPATHY FOR SHERIDAN.

The Chairman remarked that he had glanced at the New Yorker's paper, and that if there were no objection it would be read. The lumberman from the platform, and that if there were objection. The smile that radiated from Tim Campbell's ness over both cheeks, and from his chin to his forehead, was a show worth seeing. The Chairman read the resolution, which was as follows:

Resolved, That this Convention takes occasion to express its unfeigned sorrow at the serious and dangerous liness of Gen. Phil sheridan, and to him whose noble and valiant deeds will ever be enshrined in the hearts of his comirymen we extend our sincere sympathy. We earnestly trust that the great soldier and distinguished patriot will meet with a speedy recovery, and that the Divine Providence may spare him to this nation for many years to come.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Gen. Sheridan, as expressive of the heartfelt sentiments of the Democracy of the United States.

The idea of ignoring politics out of sympathy for one upon whom the fate of the nation once depended struck the Convention as an inspiration, and when Tim Campbell asked that it be at once adopted the Chairman called upon all who favored the motion to rise. At a hasty giance an onlocker would have supposed that the 700 men rose as one; but from the platform it could be seen that the not wholly reconstructed delegates from the far South were divided in their allegiance to this sentiment. Only two or three of the Alabama delegation sought their feet, and of the men from Mississipio only a few arose. Some of the Virginlans also kept their seats.

DISCOURTESY TO A WOMAN.

DISCOURTESY TO A WOMAN. Chairman Collins asked the Convention to devote the ten minutes that it had granted the female suffracists to listening to Mrs. Morriweather in support of her hobby. The suggestion provoked a yell of approval, and Mrs. Merriweather appeared in the form of a midwenther in support of her hobby. The suggestion provoked a yell of approval, and Mrs. Merriweather appeared in the form of a middle-aged matron clad in half mourning of black, striped with gray. She wore a widow's hat, and presented a lace not uncomely and yet not entirely prepossessing. Her mistake was in attempting to adopt the corset-hampered bung power of a fashionably dressed woman to a hall of that size. When the reader considers that no man thus far in the Convention has succeeded in making himself heard throughout that hall, the folly of her effort will become apparent. She should have saluted the Convention with a bow and handed her paper to some Colonel Fellows or Stephen White of the Convention; but she insisted on reading it, and not a word that she uttered could be heard twenty feet beyond the platform on which she stood. The huzzing of a fly would make just about such an impression on the Aldermanic Chamber in the City Hall as she made in that Convention. A few reporters could hear her talk about the higher libe and the larger liberties; but the ungallant delegates, who were unable to distinguish anything more than the movement of her lips, fell to shouting and talking out loud.

"You aren't often troubled by a woman," said she. "You ought to have one ones."

Chairman Collins was a great deal more disturbed than she was, but he did not know what to do. The buzzing continued, She said something about women knocking at legislative doors, and about doetrines applying to women as well as men, but it was of no use, What appeared to be to the multitude her silence was greeted with renewed outbursts of yolls. Thoroughly indignant, Mrs. Merriweather experimented with a threat.

"You represent the men," said she. "I represent 20,000,000 women."

Nobady knows what became of her, and nothing was done about what she said, but it was an altogether discreditable episode. It would have been very different If she had known how to utilize her situation.

W. U. HENSEL ON DECK.

would have been very different ff she had known how to utilize her situation.

W. U. HENSEL ON DECK.

Mr. Piggott of Connecticut moved that when the Convention adjourned it should be until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. This provoked discussion, Piggott said there was no use sitting at night. Everybody had got to stay over until to-morrow, and might as well work to-morrow and have the night off. Ex-Gov. Brown favored a night session. Nelson J. Waterbury, the mainspring of whose action usually is to have things a little different from everybody else, surang up and showed his face above all the others, with his long hand pointing to what he said was the rule requiring the call of the States. The Chairman said a motion by two States was sufficient.

This was when W. U. Hensel of Pennsylvania came on deck with his demand that the Convention now take up the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President. This was received with wild yells from the Convention. Messrs, Murtha and Fellows of New York were on their feet in the passage way, but Mr. Hensel strode past them, demanding in his stentorian fones that the action he wanted be made the order of business, and that the names of candidates be presented, but that no ballet be taken until after the Committee on Resolutions had reported. A man from Indiana moved to adjourn, but met with a comprehensive, colossal "No!" Gov. Brown's motion to take a recess until 8 P. M. was then voted dewn, and the Chairman next ennounced that the ousiness in hand was the call of the roil of States for the nomination of a candidate for President.

Then it was that the Chairman of the Ala-

Ma. DOUGHERTY TARES THE PLATFORM.

Then it was that the Chairman of the Alabama delegation, Judge Pettus, announced that his delegation had instructed him to tender its first right to speak to the State of New York. This was greeted with loud cheers and yelling from the Southerners. In this spirit the Convention ordered the transfer, and Mr. Dougherty of Tammany Hall made his way to the platform through what might be called a storm of applause. He assumed what might he called a storm of applause, his right tand was thrust he called the Dougherty pose. In his left lapel was a dark blossem, his right tand was thrust between the buttons of his coat, his cheeks one would have thought that the most momentous utterance of modern times was about to be launched on a wonderstruck world, but it would have thought that the speak in Dougherty said was:

"Let those boys stop walking there; I won't speak till they stop walking."

A dozen great men at once corralled a hundred boys, and they were neat, dapper little messengers, thoroughly quiet and creerly, but MR. DOUGHERTY TAKES THE PLATFORM.

they were seized like the first-born of Egypt and thrust under the galleries out of the disturbed sight of the orator. Then the Convention had the Dougherty pose in all its perfection. The oratorical tornado from Philadelphia moved forward and bestowed his best George Washington gaze—first upon the left-hand gallery, then upon the right-hand gallery, and then upon the magnetized delegates. He appreciates the effect of a mysterious pause, so he paused mysteriously, and every man folt that if he didn't speak semething would burst. The great orator said: "I great you." To give full effect to this he looked in three different directions, and added. "my countrymen." Then he flung out his right hand, still further inflated his chest, and finished the sentence, "with fraternal regard."

Inflated his chest, and finished the sentence, "with fraternal regard."

DANIEL DOUGHEET'S SPEECH.

I grest you, my countrymen, with fraternal regard. In your presence I how to the majesty of the people. The sight irrelf is inspiring the thought sublime. You come from every State and Territory, from every nock and corner of our ocean-bound, continent-covering country. You are about to discharge a more than imperial dury. With simplest ceremonials you, as representatives of the people, are to choose a Magistrate with power mightier than a monerch, yet checked and controlled by the supreme law of a written Constitution, Thus impressed I ascend the restrum to name the next President of the United States. New York presents him to the Convention and pledges her electeral vote. Delegations from the thirty-eight States and all the Territories are assembled, without canous or consultation, ready simultaneously to take up the cry and make the vote unanimous. We are here, not indeed to choose a candidate, but to name the one the people. His career illustrates the glory of our institutions. Eight years ago unknown, save in his own locality, he for the last four has stood in the gaze of the world discharring the most exalted duties that can be confided to a mortal. the most exaited duties that can be confided to a mortal. To-day determines that not of his own choice, but by the mandate of his countrymen, and with the sanction of Heaven, he shall fill the Presidency for four years more. He has met and mastered every question as if from youth trained to statesmanship. The promises of his letter of acceptance and inaugural address have been fulfilled. His fidelity in the past inspires faith in the future. He is not a hope; he is a realization. Scorning subterfuge, disdaining reelection by concealing convictions, mindful of his cath of office to deemd the Constitution, he courageously declares to Congress, dropping inflor matters, that the supreme issue is reform, revision, reduction of national taxation; that is reform, revision, reduction of national taxation; that the Treasury of the United States, glutted with unneed-ed gold, oppresses industry, embarrasses business, en-dangers financial tranquillity, and breeds extravagance, centralization, and corruption; that high taxation, vital for the expenditures of an unparalleled war, is robbery in years of prosperous peace; that the mil-lions that pour into the Treasury come from the hardlons that pour into the Treasury come from the hardearned savings of the American people; that in violation of equality of rights the present tariff has created
a privilegaed class, who, shaping legislation for their personal gain, levy by law contributions for the necessaries of life from every man, woman, and child in the
land; that to lower the tariff is not free trade—it is to
reduce the unjust profits of monopolists and boss manufacturers and allow consumers to retain the rest. The
man who asserts that to lower the tariff means free
trade insults intelligence. We brand him as a faisifier.
It is furthest from thought to imperfil capital or disturbenterprises. The aim is to uphold wages and protect the
rights of all. This Administration has rescued the
public domain from would-be barons and commorant
corporations faithless to obligations, and reserved
it for free homes for this and coming generations.
There is no piliering. There are no jobs under
this Administration. Fublic office is a public
trust. Integrity stands guard at every point of our vast
empire. While the President has been the medium
through which has flowed the undying grantifued of the
republic for her soldiers, he has not hesitated to withrepublic for her soldiers, he has not hesitated to with-hold approval from special legislation if strictest in-quiry revealed a want of truth and justice. Above all, sectional strife as never before is at an end, and sixty millions of freedmen in the ties of brotherhood are prosperous and happy. These are the achievments of this Administration. Under the same illustrious leader we are ready to meet our political opponents in high and honorable debate, and stake our triumph on the intelligence, virtue, and patriotism of the people. Ad-hering to the Constitution, its every line and letter, ever remembering that "powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people," by the authority of the Democracy of New York, backed by the Democracy of the entire Union, I give you a name entwined with victory. I nominate Grover Cleveland of New York.

His speech was in all respects triumphant His speech was in all respects triumphant. He understood his audience and exactly suited it. It was a fine exhibition of art, and those who poke fun at the ancient Websterian school of oratory were forced to admit that he captured the Convention with his catchy sentences, and that he has greatly extended his fame by the happy manner in which he fitted into the niche that had been prepared for him. Those who read his speech will note how long it was, even though he dwell upon the personal qualities of the President, before he mentioned that great man's name. With the mention of it he bowed and retired.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

The astounding consequences of the presentation of the candidate to the Convention have been fully doscribed above, except for one incident. This was that during the cyclonic cheering of the muliitude some man of happy inspiration caught up a branch of smilax, and, twisting it into a wreath, put it upon the brow of the bust of Grover Cleveland on the platform. He made the wreath too large, and it fell below the crown, above the eyes of the figure, in such a way that it gave the President's quite ordinary face a resomblance to the typical Bowers boy. When this defect was overcome by a reconstruction of the wreath, somebody else, suffused with enthusiasm for Gray, clapped a gray beaver on the head of the statue, and did it with such a sudden and violent movement that the hat was crushed in and restored the gallus air which the lopsided wreath had given to the figure. Very few noticed this, however. The excitement was too intense.

Mr. Dougherty's address and presentation of A FUNNY INCIDENT.

cliced this, however. The excitement was too intense.

SECONDING THE NOMINATION.

Mr. Dougherty's address and presentation of the name of Grover Cleveland was followed by a seconding speech by James A. McKenzie of Kentucky. Mr. McKenzie is a tall. stout man, with a round face and a head plentifully endowed with brown hair. He has sandy chin whiskers, slightly frosted: wore a gray cassimere suit, and looked more like a prosperous Connecticut storekeeper than a Kentuckian. A great many people in the hall recognized him as a Congressman, popularly knowns s Jim McKenzie, until he became the father of the measure freeing quinine from duty, and since then the respected possessor of the soubriquet "Julinie Jim." In the words of the-pure vernacular, he is a dandy on his feet. He is a man among men; a good fellow in a crowd; a very clever talker, and a very able man. With the magic that belongs to one who has trained himself to master the sympathies and emotions of an audience, he twisted the multitude around his fingers as Herrmann manipulates a bag. The majority did not know what a master of speech he was when at the outset he paralysed them with the statement:

"In all this broad land there is but one more popular Democrat than Grover Cleveland."

This seemed mighty delicate ground. Was he going to boom Thurman at the expense of the President? The flight of a feather through the air could have been heard in the quiet of that congregation.

"There is but one more popular Democrat than he," said the clover orator, "and that is the queenly woman he has taken for his wife." He proved to be fond of talking of Frances Cleveland. He well knows how strong is her hold upon the affections of the peacle.

"Its social destinies," said he, in speaking of the nation, "are guided by the fair hand of this uncrowned queen." He laughed as he uttered the next sentence: "I'm determined gentlemen, not to leave Mrs. Cleveland out of this uncrowned queen." He laughed as he uttered the next sentence: "I'm determined gentlemen, not to leave

this uncrowned queen." He laughed as he uttered the next sentence: "I'm determined, gentlemen, not to leave Mrs. Cleveland out of this canvass."

WHY KENTUCKY LOVES GROVER.

How he mastered the situation, how he played with the enthusiasm he provoked, how he enjoyed himself, how great was the success he achieved! He began by showing an inclination to turn and address the Chairman, but the people in front of him claimed each time for him to face them, lest they should miss a word of the delightful speech he was giving them. "Turn round," Turn round, Jim," the men called from every part of the hall. "It was said, gentlemen of the jury," said this wizard with his tongue. "that Grover Cleveland was loved for the ensembes he had made; still later, he was loved for the rascals he had turned out; still later, that we loved him for the message he had written. But, gentlemen, Kentucky loves him for the fight there is in him, and for his splendid racing qualities. He is as game as Lexington, and as speedy as Ten Brocek. In his earlier form he took the Buffalo Mayoralty stakes with his hands down. Later, he cantered from post te pole and won the New York handleap by 192,000 feet. Then he was entered against the Florentine messale from Maine, and won the national Derby by a neck. Gentlemen of the Denocratic jury, it don't matter how this national sweepstakes is made up—whether it is filled out by hyperborean circles, a Florentine messic, or dark horses—when the race is through the bulletin board will show Eclipse first, and the balance not placed."

The State of Kentucky loves Cleveland," said this master architect of phrases, for the reason that he had the courage to storm the intrenchments of subsidy and mononoly, by recommending such a judicious revision of the tariff system as will secure equality in the distribution of the public funds and lighten the burdens of labor. He had the courage to institute a war on the horrible misnomer called trust, which, before the campaign is over, will cease to be a popular name to giv

written a message to Congress which has about it the directness and force of a Kentucky rifls and the executive ability of a dynamite cartridge."

Fancy the "Hi-yi's" and the hurrahs and the cat-calls tand screams that such a talk as bits provoked:

"Grover Cleveland furnishes the only instance where a man has provided in one person a first-class candidate and a thorough Denocratic platform. He has done his duty; let's do ours. I want every Democrat, male and female, within the body of this most magnificent deliberative hall—consecrated to the holiest purpose outside of the Christian religion—I want every one to go home after we shall have closed these exercises (and here the wag laughed at his own language) with a Democratic benediction; and if it shall please God that, in addition to Grover Cleveland, one of the guidons along the color line of the Democracy in its march to victory should be a red bundanna, then let us join those colors to his and rest confident of triumph."

OTHER STATES SECOND THE NOMINATION.

OTHER STATES SECOND THE NOMINATION.

Mr. McKenrie moved to suspend the rules and make the nomination of Grover Cleveland for President absolutely unanimous; but others were slated to make seconding succedes. The first of these was Judge Twiggs of Goorgia. A military-looking man in a close-buttoned black coat, with sandy coatee and moustache, and a pair of eyeglasses. He held the manuscript of his speech in his left hand, but had memorized it very well, and referred only once or twice to his opech in his left hand, but had memorized it very well, and referred only once or twice to his notes. It was annortunate for him that he came immediately after the brilliant Kentuckian. He was serious and commonplace and did not hold the attention of the raulifunds to the sand. He dwelt chiefly on the beauties of the Mills bill.

"We may be poor," he said, "but we are not willing to grow rich by levying tribute upon the people."

After Judge Twiggs retired from the platform here was a hitch in the proceedings for a minute or two, and confusion reigned in the hall. The delegates got un and stretched their legs, and many people in the galleries retired. Chairman Collins cooked around to see who was coming next, when the famous Kentucky orator rose to his feet again from the reavoir the platform and created a laugh by saving that he had made a motion to suspens the rules and nominate Grover Cleveland by acclamation, and that motion had been ignored. There is plonty of time for that," said Chairman Collins. "There may be other gentlemen who want to speak to your motion."

Then the formal roll call of Natates was begun for the presentation of candidates. Albuma had previously waslved her right in lavor of New York, but was called again and kept silent. When Colorado was reached on the alphabetical list her excited Chairman thought the balloting had begun, and in a deep bass voice roared out: "Colorado casts six votes for Grover Cleveland." The recurrence of this mistake created great merriment.

Chairman Collins was volder for the end, broken oily by the calls for s

ring in addition.

Finishing the Day's work.

"New York." shouted the reading clerk.

"Fellows, Fellows," shouted the Convention, and then a cheer went up for the little orator who carried the Convention of 1844 by storm who he made his masterful fight for Grover Cleveland. Roswell P. Flower rose from his seat and looked around for the erator, but Col. Fellows had disappeared around a corner of the platform, and would not respond to the repeated calls for him.

The Thurman men gave a little yell when Ohio was called, but nobody responded from that State. Scott and Hansel were wanted by the Convention when Pennsylvania was reached, but Scott was attending the deadlocked Platform Committee, and Hansel had already had his say. Chairman Dawson said for South Carolina that she was for 'the man and the message,' A smooth-faced young Texan named Lightfoot spoke for the Lone Star State from his seat under the left gallery, and all that could be heard at the reporters' tables was that Texas was for the Mills bill, and would give 200,000 majority for Grover Cleveland. The Virginians insisted strongly that Senator Daniel, their famous orator, should respond for them, but he would not.

Great cries went up for "McGlinnis, McGlinis," when Montana was called, but thegentleman of that name, who was snuffed out when he tried to speak yesterad, did not rise. There were loud cries for somebody to speak for Alaska, but that fair-off province, which was for the first time recognized to-day by the admission of a delegate, had no candidate to run against Cleveland. sion of a delegate, had no candidate to run against Claveland. Then Chairman Collins said that Mr. McKen Then Chairman Collins said that Mr. Mchen-zio's motion to suspend the rules and nominate Grover Cleveland by acclamation was in order. The Convention was on its feet again in an in-stant. The band played, the delegates cheered, and the people in the galleries beat time with their feet. The uproar continued for two or three minutes, but there was no attempt to re-new the lusty cheering that attended the pres-entation of Mr. Cleveland's name.

THE CONVENTION WAS TIRED.

Chairman Collins, as soon as he could command silence, said: "Grover Cleveland, having received the unanimous vote of the Cenvention, is the candidate of the Democrate party for the office of President of the United States,"

After the appliance greeting this announcement had died away, Mr. Flower called up the resolution he had offered earlier in the day, declaring than when the Convention adjourned it should be to meet to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. A great wave of "nees," in which the galleries joined, went up at this. Mr. Flower sent a messenger hurriedly to the platform to tell the Chairman that he had made a mistake, and that the resolution he intended to offer was one calling for a recess until 8 o'clock tonight.

Chairman Collins said Mr. Flowerl was a double header, and had offered a resolution on each side.

Mr. Hensel of Pennsylvania again get the floor, and wanted to postpene action on the adjournment resolution until the Vice-President was voted for. The Convention continued noisy and turbulent, but flinnily lapsed into some form of order when the tall figure of Paniel Wobster Voorlees mounted a chair at the head of the Indiana delegation, and the Thil sycamoro upilited his voice for recognition. He was recognized a tone as the champion of the Gray men in the Convention, and was listened to attentively. He though the champion of the Gray men in the Convention, and was listened they adjourn until 0 A. M. to-morrow.

Back-haired and handsome young Victor Baughman of Maryland. Senator Gorman's right-hand man, came to the assistance of voorhees with a plea for delay.

Young Napoleon Hensel made a brilliant and dashing charge on the Indiana and Maryland lines. He said that the talk about waiting here another day for the Committee on Resolutions to agree was honsense, This body ought to control the actions of its committee and control the actions of the committee on Resolutions to show a declared lost on a viva voce yote. Mr. Voorhees demanded a rising yote, got it, and was b

upon. There was no contest over Mr. Cleve-land's candidacy, he said, and his nomination was proper; but the ticket should not be com-pleted until the Committee on Resolutions had

land's candidacy, he said, and his nomination was proper; but the ticket should not be completed until the Committee on Resolutions had reported a platform.

The Convention was getting more and more confused and muddled, when Mr. White, who had retired from the temporary Chairman's desk to a place among the Californians, again elimbed up to the platform and instantly commanded attention by his powerful voice. To the surprise of the Thurngan men, who were getting a little nervous, he poconded Mr. Voerheen's motion. He did so not, the interterest of any individual, but he wen't knew that when the nominations had been completed this Convention would not hold together to await the presentation of a platform. "Let us not go on any further to-day," he said, "but adjourn until to-morrow, and settle the platform in accordance with the views of Grover Cleveland."

This speech turned the tide at once in favor of adjournment until to-morrow. Gov, Throckmorton of Texas, an enthusiastic follower of the bandanna banner, could not resist the templation to give the logic of Voorhees and White a vicious stab. He thought if it was proper to nominate Grover Cleveland without a platform it would also be proper to nominate Allen G. Thurman.

A roll call was ordered on Mr. Voorheee's motion, but it was unnecessary. Beginning with Alabama, all the States stampeded for stjournment and before the list was half completed the big hall was emptled of its weary and sweltering inmates.

The Convention had spent about four hours in the despatch of the day's business, and those who had the curiosity to make the calculation say that it had spent one-filth of its time in cheering the name of Grover Cleveland.

AMONG THE NEW YORKERS.

A Joke on Tom Costigns-Tammany and Kings County Men Robbed.

Sr. Louis, June 6.-The New Yorkers had tales of trouble to tell to-day. The Tammany men and Kings county Democrats have fallen tmong the thieves of the town, and the credit of the County Democrats has been questioned in the person of Tom Costigan. The redoubtable and perennial Euclid of the City Record has been enthroned at the Leclade. He is urbane and hospitable to all visitors, and last night Assistant District Attorneys Fitzgerald and Goff and Wm. Pitt Mitchell called on him for a social chat. There were many beer bottles on the buffet in Mr. Costigan's apartments. But wine was wanted for his friends, and he asked Assemblyman Brennan to ring for "Front." The wine card was duly made out, and the visitors sat around and cheered. The minutes passed, and no wine appeared. Costigan began to look angry, but

made out, and the visitors sat around and cheered. The minutes passed, and no wine appeared. Costigan began to look angry, but when "Frout" shot in, after half an hour's absence, the merry twinkle in his eyes showed that his anger had subsided.

"Where's the wine, boy?" he asked of the lad, who, held the wine card toward him as a Sixth avenue grocer returns a counterfelt greenback to a patron.

"Boss," replied the lad, "der landlord wants der cash befo' he sends up der wine. I can't bring it till I get der cash."

A look of mortification overspread Costigan's face as he expostulated and spasmodleally enumerated the number of wine cards that the landlord had honored for him since his arrival.

"Can'thelp dat, boss. No cash, no wine. De others was beer cards," replied the boy.

The leader of the Fifteenth howled for "Wash" Herdler to bring out his wallet. His visitors drank to their bost, and vowed that they wouldn't stay in such a place for a moment.

"How in the devil am I to leave it?" roared the supervisor of the City Record. The lifts are jammed from morning to morning, and you don't think I've got the cheek to ask them to stop and make one load of me, do you? I don't think this landlord knows my name even. How could you expect him, when one of you fellows down stairs ask if a man as broad as broad as the room, "is stopping acre? Hereafter you'll take beer, and to-morrow morning I'll send for that landlord and trample on him." All this time the visitors quizzically eyed each other, but they deny that they had anything to do with the landlord's sudden determination to demand cash from their host. The landlord hasn't been trampled on yet.

After the adjournment of the Convention this afternoon, a solid phalanx of County Democrats, led by Judge Power, were the guests of the boss brower of the town. There is a great deal of regret because President Dick Cunningham is sick. He is suffering from a severe celd, and is not the lively New York Diek Cunningham is sick. He is suffering from a severe celd, and is not th

THE TARIFF PLANK AGREED UPON. It Endorses the Plank of 1884 and the President's Last Message.

ST. LOUIS, June 6 .- The Committee on Res olutions arrived at a conclusion, which its members say is harmonious, at half past 9 this vening. All the planks in the platform have been agreed upon, and nothing remains but to reduce them to form and present them to the Convention. The resolutions will be reported by Mr. Watterson, and will be sustained in speeches by him. Mr. Gorman, and Gov. Abbett of New Jersey. It is said that the speeches will not be more than five minutes in length, and so far, at least as all outward appearances go, the work of the committee is to be regarded as acceptable to both wings of the party. Mr. Watterson announced first that he would give out to the press to-night the text of the tariff plank; but, after consultation with Mr. German, who alone seemed to have that plank in his possession, it was decided, for reasons it is said of courtesy to the Convention. not to furnish the text for publication until the report shall be made to the Convention. Mr. Watterson did state, however, that the tariff plank means, to use Mr. Watterson's own

ianguage, just this:
"We endorse the platform of 1884; and also endorse the last annual message of the President, and declare it to be a correct interpretation of that platform, and approve and appland the efforts of our Democratic Representatives in Congress to secure reduced taxation. That is the tariff plank of this platform. At the close of the platform we propose a resolution commending the Mills bill, and urging the Democrats in Congress to pass it at as early a

day as possible."

Mr. Watterson, giving his own interpretation to the tariff plank as finally agreed upon, says:
"I have not contemplated any reference to the
platform of 1884; but when it was suggested to refer to it, and to at the same time state that the last message of the President to Congress on the tariff is to be taken as the correct interpretation of the platform of 1884, and that we should also endorse the action of our party in should also endorse the action of our party in Congress in their efforts to reduce taxation, the proposition met my hearty approval."

Mr. Watterson was asked this question: "How about the silver plank in the platform?" He answered: "Oh. damn silver."

The following is the full wording of the tariff plank in the platform of 1894:

The following is the full wording of the tariff plank in the platform of 1894:

The Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests. But in making a reduction taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic the following the proposed to injure any domestic industrial and the first of the first of the following the first five the following to the first givernment taxes collected at the Custom House that Givernment taxes collected at the Custom House that Givernment taxes collected to the first sources of the